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TROPAEUM

BHS

'12

BUTLER HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

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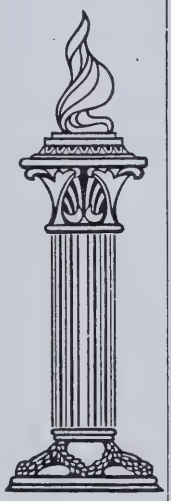
Butler High School Annual

"TROPAEUM"

Volume Three

Nineteen-Twelve

INTRODUCTION.....



The Tropaeum is to the Senior Class of nineteen-twelve a souvenir of the happiest days in their lives—their school days. It keeps fresh in their minds the memory of their old school chums and class-mates, and reminds them of the many happy days that are past.

We hope that now as well as in years to come Volume Number Three of the Tropaeum may serve as a storehouse of precious memories to the Senior Class of twelve.

DEDICATION

To our esteemed Superintendent H. E. COE, we sincerely dedicate this volume, Number Three of the Tropaeum.

Brief History of Butler Schools.

By Mrs. A. S. Powers.

The town of Butler has known three school buildings, namely; the old frame of former days, which gave place in 1871 to a brick structure of wide halls and five spacious rooms. To which was added an annex of two rooms in 1883 which did service as primary and high school rooms. This building mothered a great percent of the town's inhabitants and its memories are entwined with the thoughts of happy days and pleasant associations by many people. Its average annual attendance was in the neighborhood of four hundred students. Having served its time it was razed to the ground and a fine modern structure took its place in 1905, a building of which Butler citizens and pupils are justly proud. The history of the High School proper begins with the year 1873 when J. S. Otis, O. Z. Hubble and James Boyles constituted the first graduating class under Prof. W. H. McIntosh of Auburn, who came horseback, each morning to his school. This class of young men were all of fine intellect, O. Z. Hubbel becoming in later years a man of renown, serving as state Senator of Colorado. Both Mr. Boyle and Hubble are deceased but Mr. J. S. Otis is a master mechanic in New York City at the present time. For five years following this class, there were no more graduates, but in 1879 Christa Blaker now of Oregon and Edwin Fosdick now of Auburn again set the pace which with two exceptions has continued uninterrupted, each year, a class finishing the regular four year high school course. Beginning with the class of 1873 there is record of 178 graduates, 73 of whom were males. Of the entire number only twelve are deceased. The class of 1899, 14 enrolled being the largest class of unbroken number at the present time. The class of 1887 comprised of four girls and two boys is noticable from the fact that all four ladies remain in single blessedness. Miss Diana Hirchler of this class being a lawyer of some reputation in New York City. All of these girls are business women.

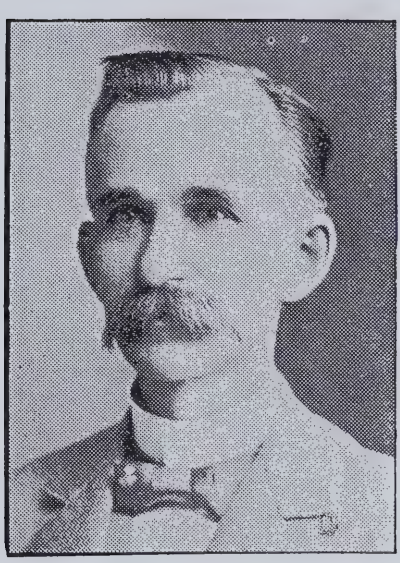
The graduates of Butler are now widely scattered over the United States, New York City and Chicago claim their share, but the majority are located within the boundaries of the Central States.

Nearly all vocations of life are followed, farmers and lawyers predominating, tho there are also many teachers. Miss Cleo Boyle of Georgia, being a teacher of Domestic Science and Miss Achasa Beechler of Seattle, a primary teacher, both ladies being highly proficient and commanding large salaries. Dr.'s Frank Fanning of Butler and Sam Haverstock of Detroit, being the only physicians, no ministers of the Gospel being recorded. In looking over the list one finds civil engineers, electricians and business men and it is fitting to say that no Butler graduates has ever aspired to the National presidency, as yet none have ever filled a felon's cell.

A great many from our schools have graduated from the state university and normal also from Ann Arbor and a number of our students are at present attending various institutions of higher learning.

Mr. Chas. Reigh Scoville tho not a graduate of the Butler schools was at one time a student, finishing at Angola, Ind., and Hiram, Ohio. He has a wide reputation as an evangelist in United States, his work being mostly in Chicago and other western states. Abraham Lincoln said, "God must have loved common people, he made so many of them," so after all the Butler schools have no apology to make for the history whicd has been made for her by her annual output of pupils.

BOARD OF EDUCATION



SAM G. STONE, President.

GEO. W. GEDDES, Secretary

L. C. BUEHRER, Treasurer.

FACULTY

H. E. COE, Superintendent.

GENEVA KIMMEL, Principal.

CARRIE B. LIPE, Ass't Principal.

W. L. BAILEY, 2nd Ass't Principal.

The Aim of Butler High School.

By Supt. H. E. Coe.

THE ENDS sought in the work of the Butler Public Schools are such as shall best prepare the young man or woman to enter any sphere of active life, whether in the college for higher development or to enter the broader field of the world's activity.

Certainly no young person today can hope to enter the active busy life of industry in a successful way, or even meet the present demands of moral worth, without a mind trained to think and act in the line required.

Today the world demands ability for one to choose his own tine of activity. This matter of choice has in it the imperative need of greater ability to solve more difficult problems of living, than ever before in the history of moral and social progress. This ability to think and to feel in proper relations to the world, is largely a matter of training. The home with its busy cares can no longer furnish all the equipments of such power. This is largely true for the reason that the home life can not reach out into the world far enough to comprehend the nature, entire of active life. So the companionship of books and teachers is sought to aid the growth and development of this much needed power, this power to enable the youth to begin his association with the real world in a satisfactory and successful way.

This then is the ambition of the authorities of the Public Schools. Certainly no more laudable one can be sought or found than that which has for its end the preparation of boys and girls for higher life and greater work. This power or ability for the larger life has in it not only the training of the intellectual, but also right conception of the moral requirements now so sternly demanded by the higher ideality already in the ascendancy. This ability can not be attained in most cases without rigid cultivation. The ability to think accurately and rapidly has much to do in the management of the world's affairs. This ability connected with power of self-control, lies at the base of all good habits and conduct. Conduct is largely a matter of established forethought. From this regulated conduct, conduct governed by established thought, comes habit. All this progressive growth demands entire self-control. Good thinking, good conduct, good habits are more creatures of self-direction than of any other power that can be assigned. It takes many years of patient practice and careful, thoughtful study to become a skillful artisan of any kind, and it takes likewise a long period of growth to become well skilled in any line of complete directed life. It takes a long time to acquire habits of right living.

The help of a well regulated literary institution with proper attendant authorities, will always be helpful. So the object of the Butler Schools like all other institutions of its kind, well regulated and defined,

has for its purpose the help it may lend to youth in fitting him for life's multifold duties.

Education is not all intellect. Intellect that does not improve the inner life, the habits, making them better, higher and nobler can not be said to be real intellect. Real and true intelligence leads to greater things, seeks loftier privileges of life. This by no means weakens the power to accummulate money or other forms of wealth. On the other hand it must enoble the art or device used to acquire such gain. The means to the end thus become enriched. The world today is not setting such lofty premiums on crafty purposes as in the past. It does not extol the one who would magnify his possessions by using the means often employed by sharpers. The real power to control or beget wealth lies in the man or woman who can do some one or more tasks well. It lies in the power of that one who can do something useful, something that the world needs. It will cause the world either in nature or in lines growing out of social life, to yield her increase of goods to that one who can touch the key to usefulness. The forces of nature readily respond to the touch of such an one. The various artificial powers of invention or the creation of genius, come from mind trained in the line leading to required results.

The aim then of our public school is to create in the youth the higher powers, both in the moral and intellectual. The aim is to enrich the mind of him who would be directed by the efficient means used by the teachers and school authorities, in awakening and developing in the students proper ideals of life.

THE STAFF.

GLENN FREEBURN	*Editor-in-Chief*
PEARL BRINK	*Assistant Editor*
GARNET BRINK	*Art Editor*
HAZEL GUNSENHOUSER	*Humorous Editor*
RALPH SECHLER	*Athletic Editor*
ROSS TOMLINSON	*Advertising Editor*
CHAS. D. WILEY	*Business Manager*

SENIOR MOTTO

Ad astra per aspera.

CLASS FLOWER

Lilly of the Valley.

YELL!!!

Dickery dax, chickery chax,
Kalakazo, kazo, kazax!
Dickery wow, flickery fow,
Seniors, Seniors! wow, wow, wow!

Diplom
B.H.S.
Hatch 12.
World ... Glad to meet you!

CHARLES WILEY
"Douse"
Class President; President of Beta Delta Sigma; Basket ball, Foot ball, Business manager of Tropaeum.

GARNET BRINK
"Darnit"
Class Secretary; Vice-President of Beta Delta Sigma; Art Editor of Tropaeum

HAZEL GUNSENHOUSER
"Sal"
Class Treasurer; Program Secretary of Beta Delta Sigma; Basket Ball; Grind Editor of Tropaeum.

PEARL BRINK
"Peggy"
Assistant Editor of Tropaeum; Beta Delta Sigma.

CHARLES D. WILEY was born years ago on the banks of dear old Fish Creek. His early life was spent on the farm doing chores and other odd jobs, but four years ago he "crossed the Rubicon, burned the bridges behind him" and entered upon his High School career in Butler. Since that time he has been one of the boosters of the class, always taking a leading part in athletics and debating.

He is noted for his feet which are unusally dainty(?) and for his ears which are a special make with handles on, blue eyes and curly hair. They say there are greater men, but we doubt it.

GARNET E. BRINK was born August 25, 1893, at Newville, a beautiful little village on the banks of the historic St Joe river. She lived at Newville until she was eight weeks old and then was moved to Butler on a pillow. She graduated from Butler Common Schools in the spring of nineteen hundred eight, and the following fall took up her studies in the rooms of the B. H. S. and this spring of 1912 will complete the High School course.

She is an artistic hair dresser, a painter, a charming violinist, a lover of jokes, a good scholar and is going to be a school ma'am.

It is the fond wish of the entire class that her life may be as successful as her High School career.

HAZEL GUNSENHOUSER hails from the "Artic" regions, but from the "Artic" regions of DeKalb Co., Ind. Here she attended common school and became famous as the fastest sprinter in school. When she had stored away all the knowledge of this school she entered Butler High School. Here she soon became known among her classmates as "Sal" which is short for Salvation. This means of course, that she is the redeeming feature of the class. She is one of the best debaters, a star basket ball player, and a "real live wire." She expects to become a reprimander of wayward urchins.

PEARL ETHEL BRINK was born at Newville, Ind., August 25, 1893. Her earliest days were spent in eating, crying and sleeping. She was rocked in the same cradle and rode in the same baby cab with her twin Garnet. They were always amiable children and grew up unseparable. They were very close and used a code of telegraphy with their eyes, which was a marvel to their teacher as they didn't need to whisper. People were always mixing Pearl for Garnet and Garnet for Pearl. This is one of Pearl's most advantageous pieces of luck to have a "double" to use so easily. Not all of us have such good luck. In fact you can't tell the twins apart unless you know one plays first and one second violin and one sings alto and the other soprano, but even then you might lose if you should bet on which was which. Pearl need not be described. Just look at Garnet for her likeness.

ZURA SHUMAKER
"Zu"
Basket Ball and Tennis; Class Poet; Beta Delta Sigma.

ROSS TOMLINSON
"Tomly"
Tennis and Basket Ball; Beta Delta Sigma; Advertising Manager of Tropaeum.

WINNIE SMURR
"Blondie"
Class Historian; Beta Delta Sigma.

HAZEL CHAMBERS
"Peg"
Class Prophet; Beta Delta Sigma.

ZURA SHUMAKER, known among the seniors as Zu, was ushered into existence on the bosom of a storm, December 4, 1892. From early childhood she showed a strong liking for the opposite sex. In her younger years her playmates were little boys; now her specialty is big boys. She is of a poetic turn of mind and displays considerable ability as a rhymster. For this reason she is our class poetess. As far as we can ascertain she intends to learn cooking and sewing now, and then to learn sweeping and dusting "afterward."

"O, give us the girl that sings at her work."

ROSS TOMLINSON, who hails from "Sawdust," was born some time during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Now Ross was not like other children in beginning to talk. Instead of saying "da, da," for his first words he said, "goo goo, zoo zoo." Now, isn't that strange? Ross always was fond of caring for the stock on the farm, especially was he fond of pet hens. Now since Ross has become a young man and goes to High School, he has numerous complications with his "hens", for he has one on every street in town. Ross has whiskers like his great grandfather who fought in the war and came through without a scratch. No wonder he was not killed if he had whiskers like Ross' whiskers, for by actual test, his will turn anything from a cannon ball to a desperate mate-hunting old maid. Ross expects to become a banker.

WINNIE SMURR was born June 11, 1893, at her present home about three miles west of Butler. She received her early education at the district school, then entered Butler High School at the age of fifteen; also attended college at Angola last summer, where she spent one of the most memorable careers of her life. She is formed on the good, old plan; a dimpled, blushing, well rounded maiden.

Her favorite song is, "If I Only Had a Sweetheart." She intends to go west next fall with a pretense of teaching, but we think the real occasion is to "pick out" a millionaire, since this is leap year.

HAZEL BESS CHAMBERS, beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Chambers, was born November 19, 1893, at Hamilton, Ind. At the age of two she with her parents moved to Butler, Ind., where she still resides. During her school life she was always kind and good natured, rarely if ever getting a "calling down."

She is very ambitious, but her ideals are few and far between. She is very changeable, having talked of going to Business College and many other things too numerous to mention. But at last she has decided to be a school teacher, with the determination to wield the rod, rather than spoil the child.

BLANCHE WHETSEL
"Bunch"
Beta Delta Sigma.

RALPH SECHLER
"Dutch"
Secretary of Beta Delta Sigma; Basket Ball; Athletic Editor of Tropaeum.

MARY STRONG
"Validus"
Beta Delta Sigma.

GLENN FREEBURN
"Hen"
Basket Ball; Football; Censor of Beta Delta Sigma.

MISS BLANCHE WHETSEL, commonly called "Bunch," was born in Franklin township in the last decade of the nineteenth century, which is illustrious for its great men and famous women.

She has already shown a marked talent for giggling, which all agree is wonderful in one so young and will make her famous. She is a firm believer in that remarkable quotation, "Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone." and has made many proselytes among her classmates.

RALPH SECHLER, better known as "Dutch", was born in the latter part of the nineteenth century, near the city of St. Joe, which is on one of the most famous rivers in northeastern Indiana. When he was very small he was very attractive, especially to one little girl but her name will not be mentioned. As they grew older the fondness increased and it is hard to tell what will be the outcome, probably it will not be serious for he is fond of the fair sex in general. He takes great interest in games which fact is shown by his being a member of the foot ball, basket ball and base ball teams He is a very deliberate speaker, takes part in the debates and is also secretary of the society.

MARY STRONG, born April 20, 1893, in the wilds of the country near Newville, grew up to be the "merry strong" girl she is now. When a child she spent her time playing with her little lamb, and even at the youthful age of nineteen, still has a marked preference for "lamb chops." This story is told of Mary:

"Mary had a little lamb, you've all heard that before,
But did you ever know she passed her plate and had a little more."

She is a charter member of the Beta Delta Sigma and is going to be one of the future great school ma'ams.

GLENN FREEBURN, or "Hen" as he is commonly called, was born September 17, 1893, at Corunna, Ind., but since has lived near St. Joe. He received his early education in the rural schools. After leaving these he entered the St. Joe High School where he attended three years and at the present is completing his senior year in the Butler High School. His oratorical powers are as great as Socrates and his many friends anticipate a very brilliant career for him. He has already become famous as a debater and his greatest hobby is impromptu speeches. He not only excells in argumentation but

"In arguing he is so profound
The Devil couldn't convince him."

He thinks the manner of electing the president is very corrupt and so we all hope that he mav become the majority in Congress and bring about a change in the system.

might have been played by Orpheus, and I recognized Pearl Brink beautifully clad in a satin gown with a strand of pearls around her neck and a crown of the same on her head. She had lost none of her former beauty and was greeted with great applause. After the play I had a private interview with her and I found out that in gaining renown she had forgotten about her sister and no longer knew where she was.

In a few days I left there and went to Spain, and from there to Cairo, Egypt. I arrived here on one of their festal days and beheld at the head of a gorgeous procession my former schoolmate, Hazel Gunsenhouser, who now was a princess, having married a prince as many other American girls do for the title and wealth. Amid all this splendor she looked sad, for her husband was cruel to her and she hated him. The only balm to her hurt mind was her clandestine meetings with a poor camel driver on the Sahara Desert, who I found to be Charles Wiley. She told me in secret they were planning the death of the prince.

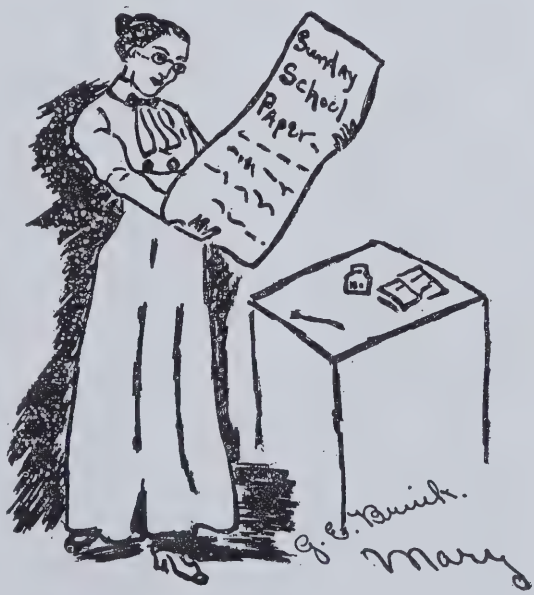
Hazel G.

I again returned to Europe and decided to visit in Holland and Russia before going to Asia. I went first to Holland and spent several days at Rotterdam. While here I rode out to one of the large dairy farms and was surprised to find that my old chum, Garnet Brink, had married Ralph Sechler and they were living the life of happy peasants, making cheese and drinking buttermilk. A short description of her will show that she had fulfilled her former expectations of beauty. She was round, fat, forty and weilded the butter paddle with the strength of an Amazon. She was surrounded by several chubby urchins. on whom she liberally used the butter paddle. Ralph sat near by drinking buttermilk and thinking of "Home, Sweet Home." After spending a few days with them I departed for St. Petersburg, Russia.

While here I happened to pick up a daily paper and in big headline I saw the words, "Anarchist Caught. Ross Tomlinson, the American Born Anarchist, Caught, Cast in Prison, Awaiting Trial." The next day I visited him in his cell and together we talked over old times. Later I heard he was sent to Siberia for life. Thus ended the career of one of our class.

From St. Petersburg I went to Calcutta, India. I visited the Mission House of Saint X where I met Mary Strong. She was teaching a class of heathen children and trying to instill in their undeveloped minds some of the principles which she had learned in High School. While talking with her I learned of the work she had done among the heathen children as well as what she expected to do in the future. Her success had been very encouraging.

From Calcutta I sailed for America. Two stops were made on the way, one at Manila and the other at Honolulu, but nothing of great interest happened. In a short time we arrived at SanFrancisco, where I stopped for a few days. While here I went to Stockton, a neighboring village, to view Mt. Diablo. Having missed the train back to San Francisco I was obliged to seek lodging here. Upon inquiring I was directed to the Pine Bluff Inn, which was easily found and upon approaching I heard the loud, commanding tones of the landlady. When I went in I recognized Blanche Whetsel standing with one hand on her hip and the other one firmly grasping a broom while she looked menacingly after the retreating form of a travelling man. After she had greeted me I learned that the cause of her displeasure was due to a direct insult to her explicit sigh, "No Smoking Allowed," and she had been asserting her rights.



After leaving SanFrancisco I went to Salt Lake City. In this city built by Brigham Young, there were many places of interest, but the most interesting to me was the beautiful home of his favorite wife. Several parties of tourists visited on horseback the neighboring country and while out on one of these expeditions I became separated from my party and as I was vainly seeking them, I saw a maiden riding like the wind, wildly throwing her lariat and attempting to lasso a pony which was running at full speed. I called to her and when she came near I discovered with joy that it was my old schoolmate, Winnie Smurr. I told her of my misfortune and she insisted upon my accompanying her to her home at Winnemucca. I stayed there until the following day and had a delightful visit, then she accompanied me to Salt Lake City. She had been teaching school, but on account of her frail constitution she was forced to give up this alluring vocation and so she took up a claim near Salt Lake City and was becoming a very successful ranch-woman.

I made one more stop before reaching home, and that was at Chicago. While shopping I entered Marshall Field's, I was surprised to see the familiar face of Zura Shumaker. She had married unhappily and was forced to earn her own living as a floor walker in thie large store. She had married a drummer against her parents wishes and so had to suffer the consequences.

Zura.

I did not remain here long for I had been away almost a year and was anxious to return home, so that I could tell the many people who were acquainted with the members of the class of '12 of my extraordinary good fortune in meeting all of them and in learning of their varied fortunes.

REUNITED.

(Dedicated to Mary Strong.

Mary had a little lamb;
  Its fleece as white as snow.
And everywhere that Mary went
  The lamb was sure to go.

The lamb fell sick one summer's day,
  And Mary sadly cried;
But Pa made haste to sell the beast
  Before it really died.

Some weeks elapsed, then Pa he bought
  Some Beef Trust "Potted Pie."
Now Mary and her little lamb
  Together buried lie.

Junior Class Officers.

GAIL ALDRICH - - - - - - - -	*President*
EVELYN WILEY - - - - - - - -	*Secretary*
LEIGHTON TOMBOW - - - - - -	*Treasurer*

OUR MOTTO

One stroke against an untried current.

OUR YELLS

Ice cream soda, ginger ale pop,
Junior! Junior! Always on top.

Whang-bang-sis-boom-Ba,
Junior! Junior! Rah! Rah! Rahl
Oxis, Oxis, polly wolly woxis,
Wahoo, Wahoo, Wa,
Rack-Stick-a-Rack-Stick-a
Boom, Boom, Boom,
Riff! Raff! Rue!
Gold and Blue.
Junior.

HISTORY.

My memory recalls me to 1909. At that time twenty-one of us poor shivering children entered upon a career, which we thought our ambition would make a success. We struggled bravely against criticism and had hard roads to travel through Latin and Algebra.

Fourteen swelled chests appeared in the Sophomore class of 1910. Seven having lost a good footing and slipped from school; the preceding year. At the close of this year to the great distress of those remaining we discovered that six more of our honorable classmates had withdrawn, leaving the small number of eight to tread the thorny paths alone.

But at the beginning of our third year, 1911 we welcomed with joy a newcomer; who withdrew again at the close of the first semester. Right able and ambitious members still remain who are able to maintain the honorable name of a 1912 Junior.

Top Row—Knepper, Tombow, Baker, Firestone. Lower Row—Wiley, Griffin, Aldrich, Oberlin, Praul, Smurr.

JUNIOR CLASS POEM.

We're the jolly Juniors
Of the B. H. S.
Ten we are in number
Wide awake? Yes, oh, yes.

Yes, we're the jolly Juniois
As happy as can be,
Ruby G. bade us adieu
And westward bound was she.

But still we are the Juniors,
If only nine in number,
But fate's decree was kind to be
And sent to us another.

And again we are the Juniors,
Ten faces bright
If for debate we're called upon,
We're equal to the task.

Jolly Juniors? that's what we are
For wisdom, brains and knack,
We'll not go back, take off our hats
To any of the "fac."

Loyal Juniors? Yes, that's we
Forget a friend? not much,
For Joe has proved himself to be
And to the end as such.

And so as jolly Juniors,
So soon we must all part,
But in the fall of 1912
As Seniors we will start.

Toasts to the Juniors.

Here's to the Juniors so jolly and merry
For study and lessons they never tarry,
Their object this year is to have a good time
Yet study sometimes just to keep up in line,
They're a lively good bunch and really quite jolly
And we hope by next year they'll forget all their folly.

Here's to our bright, handsome, gay Junior boys,
Of all boys in High School they give us most joys,
Now boys this is leap year you had better watch us
Or we'll be pursuing while you beat the dust.

By a Senior Maiden.

Oh! here's to our sweet, bashful, coy, Junior girls,
Their eyes shine like sapphires, their teeth like pearls,
Their blushing so sweetly would shame a June rose,
They're the fairest in High School that any one knows.

By a Senior Boy.

Thirteen is often considered unlucky
But for a class unusally plucky,
The year thirteen will bring the very best
We're sure can be found at fortunes behest.
Here's luck to the Juniors.

Here's to the Juniors who are always so jolly
They're always found in some kind of folly,
When they are Seniors they'll all settle down
And their august looks be the talk of the town,
Juniors we're glad to have known you,
We look for renown from the gold and the blue.

SOPHOMORE

CLASS STAFF

Mildred Tomlinson - President
Helen Kester - Sec'y and Treas.
Ruth Chambers - - Editor

MOTTO

Esse quam videre.

COLORS

Black and Old Gold.

FLOWER

Daffodil.

YELL

Whiz-rah-rip!
Fiz-rah-zip!
We're the class with minds so keen
The glorious class of old fourteen.
Whee!!

CLASS HISTORY

In the beginning of the 419th year after the discovery of America and 16,741,190 days after the erection of the Great Pyramid by Khufu, we, the class of old '14 entered the assembly room of the Butler High School.

With feelings of pride and self-possession we were enrolled as "Freshies." We numbered thirty-six but on the following day our number mysteriously decreased to thirty-two and only eighteen remained to carry the title of Freshmen to the end of the year.

At last the uneventful year was over and we were Sophomores. We had an entirely new faculty this year, with the addition of a new music and art teacher. Bookkeeping was discarded much to the disgust of the boys, who with reluctant minds went back to Latin

The first class gaiety was a raid on the Freshmen, who rewarded us with a generous supply of water. Several other social "stunts" enlivened the routine of the year.

The despairing cry of the "Sophies" this year has been

"Ashes to ashes
Dust to dust
If Latin don't kill us
Geometry must."

Come, all ye people, if you want to hear
'Bout the famous Sophies in High this year.
There is Melvin Smurr with his ambling walk,
And Gladys A. with her mincing talk,
There's sweet Ruth Smith, who is brightest by far,
And Helen Kester, our musical star,
And Ruth Chambers, who's fond of Senior boys,
And Neal Shaw—famous for lots of noise.
If you want to argue when things go wrong
Our "arbitrary" student is named George Strong.
Mildred T. is our class president,
As for dignity—oh, she's never unbent!
Then there's Delbert Bryant "noted some"
For Geometry "stunts" and chewing gum.
I'm sure Wayland Mutzfeld won't be vexed
When I tell you he's fond of the other sex.
And we've Mary Baker who shows great tact
In assisting dentists in the "pulling act."
And Roscoe Capp who is true and tried,
And Carrie, who couldn't marry Harry if he tried.
There---count us up, we are just fifteen
And a happier bunch you've never seen.
We never worry, just peg along,
On our lips a grin, in our hearts a song;
For there's pleasure, you see, in just the knowing
That we'll soon be Seniors if we keep on going,
And that never more can they "dub" us "green"
Come now, here's to us, class of '14.

FRESHMEN

CLASS OFFICIERS

MILLARD CAPP - - - President
AILEEN KNEPPER - - Vice-President
CLIFFORD BUEHRER - - Secretary
EDWARD SWIFT - - - Treasurer
MAUREA CAMPBELL - - - Editor
HAROLD HEWEY - - Ass't Editor

CLASS MOTTO

Opus Portam Honoris Patefacit.

COLORS

Royal Purple and Old Gold.

HISTORY

It was on a bright September morning in 1911 A. D. that a band of sturdy pilgrams set out upon the difficult and perilous task of exploring and conquering High School and a vast wilderness inhabited by the souls of sinners, and set in order by four pair of searching eyes and and black backed deportment books. This vast realm is situated about four million miles north of the north pole. Hundreds have started upon This pilgramage, and after four years of ceaseless toil, many have reached the foreign shore. With a great deal of noise and display we raised our colors, our banner of ignorance; and with our armor of self confidence shining brightly in the morning sun, we set out boldly to conquer King Knowledge, the ruler of four great states—Freshmanius, Sophomorius, Junius and Seniorius. This war campaign was started in the state of Freshmanius, where we stumbled along blindly until old King Knowledge, who is not easily conquered, sent Algebra, his youngest son, with a great army to defeat us. The battle was fierce and the loss on our side was heavy. To escape further loss, we marched into Botany Forest for safety. Not many hours had elapsed until Latin, commanded by able generals; Amo, Moneo, Tego and Audeo burst through the Xylem fortifications and assailed us. A second time the loss was very large. But all these were revived when calm and passive English rose and soothed the wounded bodies and cleared the dark skies. Then we began filling the air with reverbrating sounds of:

Ram-Bam-Bogen-Nater,
Half Past Alligator,
Rip-Saw Buck-Saw,
Chick-er-a-Dah,
Freshmen! Freshmen!
Rah-Rah-Rah.

Top Row—Craun, Imhoff, Albertson, Dohm, Harcourt.
Bottom Row—Harcourt, Clay, Cain, Waterman, Shumaker.

BUTLER DEBATING SOCIETY
BETA DELTA SIGMA

Through the efforts of our able Ass't Principal, Miss Lipe, a meeting was held in the Botany Labratory and a Debating Society was organized November 22. Officers were elected and a Constitution adopted.

OFFICERS

CHARLES WILEY	President
GARNET BRINK	Vice-President
RALPH SE..HLER	Recording Sec'y
EVELYN WILEY	Treasurer
HAZEL GUNSENHOUSER	Program Sec'y
LAURA WYATT	Ass't Program Sec'y
GLENN FREEBURN	Censor
MISS LIPE (Ass't Prin)	Critic

At this time the society consisted of twenty-two charter members and one honorary member.

The subjects debated this year are:

Resolved, That the study of modern history is more beneficial than that of ancient history. Decision for affirmative

Resolved, That football should be eliminated from the High School. Decision for affirmative.

Resolved, That women should vote. Decision for negative.

Resolved, That the printing press has been more beneficial to civilization than the steam engine. Decision for negative.

Resolved, That leap year is more beneficial to old bachelors than to old maids. Decision for affirmative.

Resolved, That the United States is justified in fortifying the Panama Canal. Decision for negative.

Resolved, That inherited property has a greater influence for good than for evil. Decision for affirmative.

Resolved, That civil service should be extended to all parts of federal government. Decision for negative.

Resolved, That co-education in colleges is desirable. Decision for negative.

Resolved, That the railroads should be owned by the government. Decision for affirmative.

The Society has been very successful as well as interesting and instructive. It is our wish that next year the Society will do much more efficient work than we were able to do this year.

The Society has grown from twenty-two to thirty-four members and from one to five honorary members, making a total membership of thirty-nine. Every one is interested and does all he can to help the Society along.

BETA DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY.

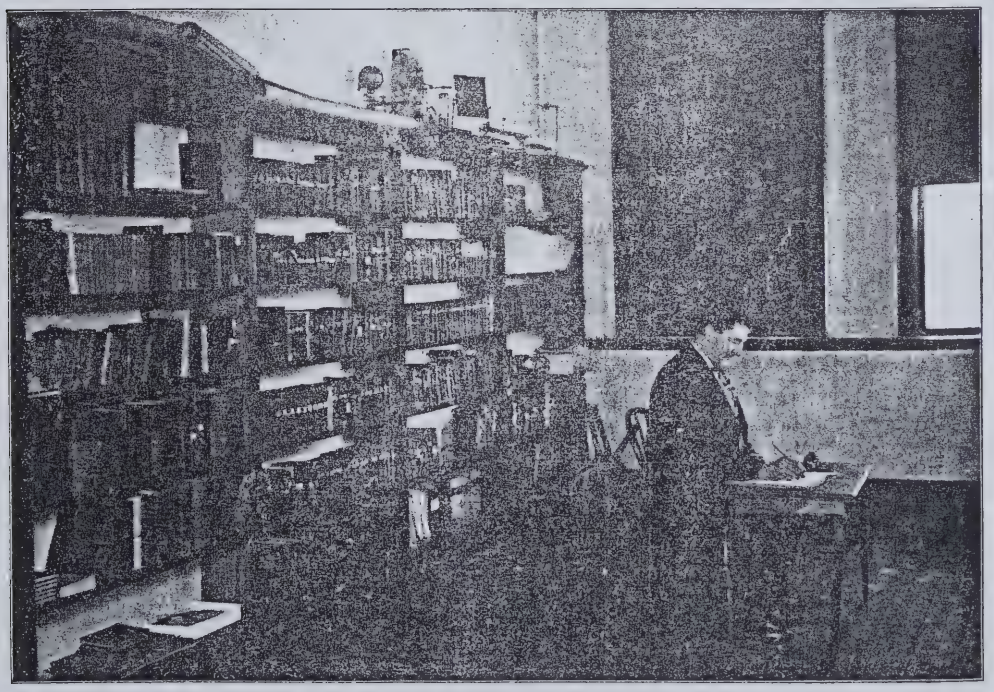
Members Beta Delta Sigma.

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Charles D. Wiley	Ross Tomlinson	Mildred Tomlinson
Delbert Bryant	George Strong	Glenn Freeburn
Pearl Brink	Melvin Smurr	Hazel Gunsenhouser
Gail Aldrich	Mary Strong	Garnet E. Brink
Evelyn Wiley	Mary Baker	Ruth Chambers
Hazel Chambers	Ralph Sechler	D. A. Baker, Jr.
Leighton Tombow	Wallace Knepper	Blanche Whetsel
Zura Shumaker	Sherley E. Praul	Besse G. Praul
Harold R. Hewey	Aaron Strong	Clyde Ginder
Laura N. Wyatt	Winnie Smurr	Millard Capp
Gladys Abel	Aileen Knepper	

HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Carrie B. Lipe Miss Geneva Kimmel Mr. B. L. Bailey
Miss Bethena Vandament Mr. H. E. Coe



THE LIBRARY

Wiley, Sechler, Firestone, Hewey, Baker, Freeburn.

BASKET BALL

At the beginning of school, plans were made for playing Basket Ball. At first we played on the school grounds but the weather soon became such that we had to hunt for a building in which to play. We were unsuccessful in finding a suitable place and were forced to give up the game. A few games were played with outside teams and in these a marked improvement was shown.

There was no limit to the material from which to select a team and with most of the giants still in school we hope that by another year they will be able to have a first class team.

D. Shumaker, Wiley, Tomlinson, Gunsenhouser, Z. Shumaker, Smith.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL

Some of the High School girls held a meeting soon after that held by the boys and decided to organize a Basket Ball team.

Ruby Griffin who came here from a western school was skilled in the art. She was elected coach and manager. By careful instructions and much practice she soon had the girls so that they were fast becoming fair players, They to were driven from the play ground by the cold weather. As no place could be found in which to play, the game had to be given up.

FOOT BALL

Foot Ball shared its time with Basket Ball and as a result there was a lack of interest.

After about a weeks practice, with almost all new recruits, who knew nothing of the game, we went to Edgerton where we were defeated 15-0. This defeat was due to the poor condition of our players and the long practicing of the others. But two other games were played one with Edon, the other with Edgerton. The game with Edgerton being the only victory for Butler. With a number of good recruits still in school we hope to see a first class team next season.

THE LINE UP

Full-back, Firestone; Halves, Hewey, Tombow; Quarter, Higley; Center, Davis; Guards, Strong, Inhoff; Tackles, Sechler, Baker; Ends, Wiley, Freeburn.

Top Row—Strong, Strong, Bailey, Wiley, Tombow.
Middle Row—Sechler, Baker, Firestone, Hewey.
Bottom Row—Freeburn, Higley, Davis.

BASE BALL

The boys of the H. S. who were interested in Base Ball met and organized. Glenn Freeburn was elected captain and Harold Hewey manager.

Owing to the weather conditions but little time has been given to the game. Practice games were played between two teams picked from the school and the best players were organized into one team. As yet no outside games have been played.

THE LINE-UP

Freeburn, Catcher	Firestone, L. Field
McClelland, Pitcher	Inhoff, C. Field
Baker, Short	Sechler, R. Field
Tombow, First	G. Strong, Sub.
Wiley, Second	Davis, Sub.
A. Strong, Third	Higley, Sub.

Drawing.

This year the school board added another department to the regular school branches, this is the drawing department under the directions of Miss Vandament. She teaches three classes of drawing, the freehand, normal and mechanical. Before Christmas the work was mostly water color, pastel and carbon work. The last semester, posing and designing was taken up. Thursday and Friday, April 5th and 6th, Miss Vandament gave an art exhibit to the public, showing the year's work in the grades and High School.

She also designed the front cover of "The Tropaeum"

Some very creditable work has been done in this department this year.

Music.

Music is a balm that heals the wounded heart,
Unveils the sun, and pulls the clouds apart;
Soothes our sad feelings, gently calms our fears,
Banishes the restless longings and quietly dries our tears;
Brings us peace and quiet and restful sweet content,
And joy's gush from our hearts e'er the song is spent,
When our anger is boiling and seething to make way,
Music, calms our fury and gives remorse entree.

JOE, THE FAITHFUL JANITOR.

Our Joe.

There's a man in this school whom we all know so well,
He is best liked of all, if the truth I should tell.
Oh, with all of the girls he's the "popular man,"
For he jokes them and teases them all that he can.

And with all of the boys he's their rare, good "old scout;"
But the term just applies when The "Fac's" not about;
'Mong the "Profs" he is called "The man steady and true,"
For he knows more by far than the "Profs" ever knew.

By the "Board" he is freely paid all him is due,
For they know what he does, there's no other could do.
He's the man that has pledged that forever he'll smile,
By the friends that he makes it is surely worth while.

There've been school buildings here that have gone to decay,
He has not left with them for he's here to stay.
Pray, who is this one whom we all honor so?
He's our faithful old keeper, our janitor "Joe."

SUNSET.

A SHIP DREW UP TO THE WHARF of a small town in Massachusetts in the year of 1661. All the village was out bare-headed and eager, all dropping his or her work to watch the landing of the vessel, for such an event happened only a few times in a year, since most of the ships landed at Boston. Men were there with their scythes and rakes, fresh from the sweet-smelling new-mown grass; women were there with their babes on their hips, talking and looking, while shading their curious eyes with their one hand from the rays of the hot sun; girls were there with their knitting and boys with their hoes and spades, all laughing and chatting about the exciting occurrence.

As the passengers were filed out, they commented on them. "See that man," pointed out one woman, "he's a Quaker." "He won't stay here long," sneered another. "The mayor just yesterday by an order of the King, prohibited them from the town." "Yes, yes and you remember the Quakers that were hung at Boston just lately," from another. "Well, they will hang or leave," said a stern-faced woman, whose face had under difficulties assumed a sainted and martyr-liked expression.

Another man come just behind the Quaker. He was old looking, yet was quick in his movements. He walked as lithe as a youth and had a steady, penetrative glance. "He is a minister," said one, who observed his thoughtful face. "Perhaps he is a teacher," conjectured another, who noticed his intelligent glance. "We need plenty of those here anyhow. Mayor Hoinlin was looking for one this very week, so I hope he is one. Teachers are terribly scarce these days." And thus, they commented on them all.

The stranger just mentioned, settled in their midst, taking lodging at the one small inn of the town. He did not mingle with the people much, in fact, he almost seemed to avoid people and seemed only to enjoy the companionship of children. He formed a fast friendship with the little golden-haired daughter of his inn-keeper and they were seen together about the town. He spent most of his time studying, as his landlady confided to her neighbor.

At sunset every evening, when the waves of red dyed the sky, he invariably started toward the beach and there with bare head, upturned brow and clasped hands, he stood in mute prayer. He stood thus for a few moments as motionless as a statue of marble. Slowly then, he turned and looked to the green, fragrant trees and murmured, "Father, I thank Thee," he looked to the right over the sea rolling and dashing restlessly, he breathed long and deep, stretched out his arms impulsively and uttered a cry of anguish. A cry that would have startled the sea-bird; a cry that would cause the lurking wolf to pause and listen; a cry from the soul that would penetrate to other souls. Calmly then he

folded his hands and sitting down on a large rock, he mused till dusk surrounded him and enfolded the objects about him as closely as the long dark cloak that hid his tall figure.

The man was an object of much curiosity about the village. A strong sense of sadness and loneliness pervaded his looks and general demeanor and this combined with his regal bearing and austere carriage kept strangers at a distance. Several times the minister of the little Puritan church had ventured to call to invite him to church and to speak to him of the scriptures. All through these interviews, he was polite, patient, humble, yet irresponsive, uttering nothing that pertained to the Bible, except to acquiesce to the words of the minister, praising the Almighty. He would have liked to talk on history and science, but all efforts failed to start a conversation in that direction. Finally the minister left without making much of an impression.

Yet he did not appear at church and busy tongues were wagging at his conduct. His landlady persisted that he prayed a great deal and that he often spoke of the Divine Power and his awe of God, but her neighbors only ridiculed this. He was an infidel, he did not go to church, he was in league with the devil and only yesterday he was seen talking to Mistress Hagar, the witch. It looked bad and they shook their heads.

The talk and rumors floated until the noble man was considered almost like one of the Infernal Regions, and when he was discovered pacing the village street one night, the climax came. A meeting of the town people was called and it was decided he should be placed in the stocks until he confessed his God.

That same evening the man as usual walked meditatively to his rock on the shore and sat there with his face toward the sunset, gazing long and thoughtfully at the heavens. "God is good" he breathed, and "I thank Thee, I thank Thee," he murmured.

As he sat there looking to the golden sea before him as he had sat many evenings for a fortnight, he felt a touch on his arm. He turned his head and saw the sunny-haired child of his landlady beside him. He smiled a reflecting smile which he had caught from the little face, and when he put out his hand she came to him. "Why are you so sad?" she inquired---she was a very precious child. "Am I, my child?" he asked smiling at her. "Have you no father, mother, no little girls?" she continued. "Yes," he sighed, "I have some little girls." "Tell me about them" she begged as she clambered up to his knee. "I have two beautiful little girls and they have a beautiful mother, all in Old England," he said. "Why did you come here and leave the beautiful little girls" she asked, wide-eyed with wonder. "Well, well, my child, I'll tell you" and he patted her sunny head. "So like my little Ellen's," he murmured.

"Long years ago," he began, "I met a beautiful girl who lived in a big castle with her father, mother, her brothers, sisters and a retinue of servants. At this time, I was a rich but lonely young man, so

studious that I had not much time with the young folk. I loved the woods, the trees, the flowers, the sunset and all nature about me, and these were my teachers, playmates and friends just as they are now. Well, I was misunderstood and taunted for being of so secluded a nature 'Yes, yes, I am coming to the beautiful girl again.'

"I met this beautiful girl at sunset in my father's garden. We were having a lot of company at the time there were parties and balls, all of which I had no interest in, perhaps, because I imagined I would not care for it, for later I enjoyed society very much. Well, I was musing my child like this, and, as was my habit, I became engrossed in the glory of the sunset and unconsciously murmured, 'God, I thank Thee.' She came along the graveled pathway just as I uttered this and paused and hesitated confusedly, knowing not whether to interrupt my reverie or to turn back. Then I looked up and spoke to her.

"Before long we were discussing the sunset and I remember just as if it were yesterday she said, 'The sunset, doesn't it make one worship God more?' 'Yes,' I returned in surprise, because she spoke with such simplicity and earnestness, 'the sunset teaches me of God.' Then I became so rapt and my heart seemed flooded with surging joy and exultation of spirit that I excitedly cried, 'Yes, the trees teach me to thank Him; the sky, the stars are all proofs of His power, the flowers the proof of His love, the moon a beacon light shows His happy peacefulness---all nature is to me more than any written book.' 'The sky is my Bible; the stars my teachers; the flowers my prayers, the nature world, all God.' " The man became so excited that he seemed to be acting out the past itself.

Afterwards he quietly resumed, "We both hated to see ceremony; the bishop in his robes, moving stately about the altar, the tapestries, rich with gold, the paintings, all expressing pomp, the jewels and the magnificent things of the church we attended." The child could scarcely comprehend this magnificence, and moved uneasily.

He was so interested, however, he did not notice this but went on, "We both, in our own way, worshiped God; and Nature seemed to us to be truly nearest Him We thought the pride and pomp made us more forgetful of Him. "Then," he continued, "bound in sentiments of religion and in love we were married and lived happily. Two little girls came to us."

"Then one day I was exiled. My child, my family taken from me and the king, my political enemy, disgraced me. The two little girls and their beautiful mother went back to their old home, and here I am They must be young women now" he said thoughtfully, and perhaps their mother's hair is grey like mine too. Here I am, here I am with only God and the sunset left." He bowed his head and mused again and the child slipped back quietly to her home, leaving him alone.

The next day he was summoned to stocks in the public square and securely fastened therein. He endured it patiently till evening, but there as the sunset glowed he looked to the west and murmured, "Fa-

ther, I thank Thee;" his eyes grew glassy and fell back limp. "He is dying," called one and they unloosened his bonds but he could not be revived.

"The devil took him," croaked an old woman; "a judgment from God," muttered a pious looking man; "a strange case," said the doctor. "God took him," said the child, "to his beautiful home in the sunset."

—Z. S. '12.

Woman's Suffrage Realized.

ONE PLEASANT AFTERNOON Father Time quietly seated himself by my side. At my request he revealed to me his mirror of the future concerning that all important question "Woman Suffrage," seventy-five years hence. We were taken to a little town in the West situated in a valley supposed to be peaceful, but just now was all astir by the excitement of the coming election, in which they were trying to introduce men's suffrage.

This question had been agitated by the weaker sex (namely the men) for the past sixty years; but the men were so cowed by the opposite sex, that up to this time they had made no opposition to this movement which had been carried on by the brave and fearless women. For sixty years the men had been subdued by the women, but now it seemed as if the tables were to be turned, since some daring bachelors, as no married man would dare undertake such a thing for fear of a rolling-pin or a broom, had started the movement for men's suffrage.

Mrs. William Henry Timothy Henpeck was the candidate for sheriff of the county. She could ride and use a revolver as any cowboy was ever able to, when man was king, and she was feared and respected by all the men.

Simon Simpson, a modern Simple Simon, was the leader of the party, which was trying to introduce men's suffrage, a thing known seventy-five years ago in the age of injustice and tyranny.

Although men had harbored a rebellious feeling prior to this time, yet they had not dared to express their sentiments openly, for this had been tried and the unfortunate wretch, who had thus dared to express such views, had been mobbed and none of the men wished to have a like experience.

Mrs. William Henry Timothy Henpeck arrived home the morning of the election, after having stumped the country, for several days, and victory for the election seemed assured.

Her husband in a timid voice, which is characteristic of the weaker sex had asked, "Please Mrs. Angeline may I go to the polls today?" "Why most certainly not Timmie, for you know as well as I that your duty is at home."

"Not even if I wash the dishes, sweep and dust, make the beds, put the baby to sleep and peel the potatoes for dinner before I go?"

"No you may not go can't you understand? You men are such

blockheads, wanting to bother around political affairs, when you can't understand them any more than a baby."

"Oh, please let me go."

"Won't you men ever learn your places? You know your place is at home, and that it isn't proper for a man to be hanging around polls."

"Yes, but Mrs. Smith said Willie might go and I thought maybe I could."

"Just because Mrs. Smith allows her husband to gad around and neglect his home duties, is no reason you can. Can't you hear the baby crying? Shut up and go see what is the matter "

Mrs. Henpeck put on her bonnet and coat and flounced out of the room, while Mr. Henpeck turned with a sigh, and having put the baby to sleep, took up the dish towel and began his morning tasks.

Mrs. Henpeck was the first woman to arrive at the polls; a valiant little party of weak, but brave bachelors, was gathered near, but soon after her arrival, awed by her determined look, they fearing to further antagonize her by any noise, began to disperse as quickly and quietly as possible.

Just as the election excitement was greatest Mrs. Henpeck heard a timid little voice speaking, "Mrs. Angeline dinner is ready,"

She wheeled about angrily and sharply jerked out these words, "Why are you here? The very idea of a man interrupting the meeting of suffragists in such a manner; you go home and attend to your work, I'll attend to you when I come home. A man always has some trivial excuse to be where he ls not wanted."

With that she administered another friendly rebuke in the way of a boxed ear, which sent Timmie hurrying home as fast as his spindly legs could carry him.

The election returns being announced with a unanimous vote for Mrs. William Henry Timothy Henpeck, she triumphantly returned home to begin the duties of her new office at once.

She opened the door and called "Timmie" no answer came. She again called more loudly than before, "Timothy" but still no response. She started to cross the room, and picked up the stove poker. Just then poor, frightened Timmie stuck his head in the door, she fired the poker at the poor offender's head. Crash! Bang!

Just then I awoke with a start to find my book had fallen from my hand and to hear my mother calling me to come and help prepare supper. —E. W. and G. A. '13.

RUDOLPH.

Mr. Jacob Schlaterback, a dutchman who lived in the country, wanted to educate his seventeen year old son in the city school. So one day he said: "Rudolph, mine son, I want you to haf an education beter den your faders, I want you to go ter city school, It will cost money but ven you are educated you can get a job vot vill pay it all back ten ust tink vat a proud fater you vill haf. Rudolph you vill go vont you?" "Yes, mine fater I vill go und get a goot edcjeation und ten I vill get a goot job und be der pride of mine faters heart. Maybe I vill be a great man some day. O! fater, ven can I go?" "Vel Rudolph we vill pack your cloths und send you tomorrow. I vill send you enough money for your oxpenses every month. I vant you to write me two letters a veek. You better go to bet now because you vill haf a long ride in ter morning." "Oh, fater, you are so goot, und I am glad! Und, fater, ven I git edjecated und ten get a goot job I vill pay pack all of dose expences. Well fater I vill go to bet und dream of dot edjecation und dot job. Don't forget und vake me up early in de morning. Good night, dear fater."

In the morning, Mr. Schlaterback called Rudolph, who sprang out of bed. He put on his best suit and ran down stairs.

He ate a good breakfast, and then he and his father started for the station. His father gave him twenty-five dollars and bought him a ticket. As the train came in Rudolph said: "Fater, vill der city boy's make fun of mine nose, it is so big und der boys und girls vot I know, call me, 'nosey.' "

"No mine son, der children of der city vas all polite und nice. All vot you got to do is to treat dem nice und get your lessons good und dey vill honor you." "Fater I vill do dat und be der brightest boy vot is in der class."

"Good bye, fater" "Good bye, mine son. Take care of your money und don't make too much oxpenses."

The train left the station and sped toward the city. The train boy came through making sales with different passengers. When he stopped by Rudolph's seat, he cried, "Peanuts, popcorn, crackerjack, and chewing gum." Rudolph looked up and asked, "How much vas vour peanutsj" "Vell, 'Dutch,' they sell for five cents, but I will give you a sack for a nickel." Rudolph bought a sack.

This gave him a start in "oxpenses." Arriving in the city, Rudolph walked up to a policeman and asked, "Say, mister officer, can you tell me vere de school is dat mine fater vants to send me?"

"Are you looking for the Reform School?" "No sir, I am looking for der High School" "Well what High School is that?" Rudolph gave him the name and the officer told him what car to take to get there after a few complications.

He boarded the car that would take him to the school. The conductor came through the car and stopping by Rudolph said, "Fare." Rudolp answered, "Yes it is fair, ve ain't had rain for a veek." The conductor laughed and said, "I want you to pay for this ride." Rudolph paid, but he did not see the joke. The car stopped in front of the school. Rudolph got off. He entered the building and made his way to the superintendent's office, he being informed of the arrival of Rudolph. A good room and boarding place was engaged for him. Rudolph bought the necessary books and started his high school life, which was very interesting, (to the rest of the pupils.) As a Freshman he became very popular (with his classmates.) They told him that he was a good entertainer, and when there was a class party Rudolph was a leading character in all the jokes.

Rudolph was very free with his money and his monthly allowance did not last long. He asked his father to increase them every month. This is one of the letters that he wrote:

Mine tear Fader:

I am vell, und oh! so happy. I am getting along fine in school und I tink for sure dat I vill become a great man sometime pretty soon, because I have been honored by mine class already. They appointed me class jester, und just tink I vas de only one in der class vot was capble to hold der office. Tings are more expencive in der city den dey vas in der country, und my money is all gone. Blease send me thirty dollars der next time. (Answer Soon)

From your loving Son, Rudolph.

As a Freshman, Rudolph was a success. As a Sophomore, he was a success in everything, (but his studies.) He failed and in one of his letters to his father he said, "If at first you don't succeed, try it some more a couple of times," that is my motto.

He only had to try it one more time, for the next term he barely passed.

As a Junior he passed the first term, but he was encouraged by his father with an extra twenty-five dollars.

In his Senior year he was not encouraged with an extra twenty-five dollars, and he was not in the graduating class either. But at the end of the following year he was a graduate.

Thus at the age of twenty-three, Rudolph Schlaterbeck ended his high school career. He now had the education, next came the "job"

In the meantime Mr. Schlaterbeck had not received a letter from Rudolph for over a month and he became anxious about him. But he was relieved by Rudolph's home coming about a month after school was out.

Mr. Schlaterbeck was very proud of his son and when they were seated in the parlor, he said, "Mine son, you have an edjecation und now can get a goot job und pay back all of dose expences." Rudolph said, "Fater, I haf got ter job." His father said, "Rudolph, mine son, vat is it." Rudolph answered: I am married. His father fainted.

AARON T. STRONG, JR.

Two Ways of Telling a Story

"Oh! when you're up, you're up.
And when you're down, you're down,
But when you're only half way up,
You're neither up nor down;
Rah, rah, rah,
Set 'em up, set 'em up, set 'em up again,
Set 'em up, and drink 'em down,
Satan and the rain."

Half a hundred Sophomores crowded the walk, hustling and jostling one another, and singing this merry, senseless song. Philip Raliegh, leaping against a wooden Indian in front of Jones' cigar store, knocked the image over. Jones was a newcomer in Newark and had not known the inevitable fate of wooden Indians in the town. There was a rush, with unearthly yells, and the wooden Indian was borne away triumphantly and set on a near snow bank. Philip mounted the prostrate savage and yelled like a savage himself.

"Speech! speech!" yelled the students.

"Big talk! Out with it!" chorused others.

"Fellow students," began Philip, awkwardly. But the crowd made a rush, and he retreated with his speech in his throat. It was eight o'clock in the morning and freezing cold. This fragment of the Sophomore class had been carousing in one of their club rooms, since they had arrived home from a grand sleighride during the night. They now were on their way to school this clear morning, laughing and talking hilariously about their sports and pastimes, especially the great sleighride. When they reached the school building and had assembled in a group in their room, they still were talking as happily and noisily as ever. Presently, their teacher entered the room, wondering why his students were in such high glee, but he soon found out while he listened to the boy's talk, as they chattered about the fun and frolic of their excursion. In answer to some inquiries, one of the lads gave him an account of their trip and its various incidents.

As he drew near the end of his story, he exclaimed: "Oh, sir! there was one thing I had almost forgotten. As we were coming home, we saw ahead of us a queer looking affair in the road. It proved to be a rusty old sleigh, fastened behind a covered wagon, proceeding at a very slow rate, and taking up the whole road.

Finding that the owner was not disposed about turning out, we

decided upon a volley of snowball and a loud hurrah. They produced the desired effect, for the creaky machine turned out into the deep snow, and the skinny old pony started on a full trot.

As we passed, someone gave the horse a good crack, which made him run faster than ever before, I'll bet. At that, an old fellow in the wagon, who was buried mid clothes and robes, bawled out, 'Why, do you scare my horse?' 'Why, don't you turn out, then?' shouted the driver. So we gave him three rousing cheers more. His horse was frightened again, and ran up against a loaded wagon, and, I believe, almost upset the poor creature. We gave him another cheer of 'fare you well' and then passed out of sight only to forget him for new pleasure."

"Well boys," replied the teacher, "take your seats, and I will tell you a story, and all about a sleighride, too. Last evening a very old clergyman was on his way from Portland to Newark, to pass the winter at the home of his son. That he might be prepared for journeying in the following spring he took with him his wagon, and for the winter his sleigh, which he fastened behind the wagon.

His sight and hearing were somewhat blunted by age, and he was traveling very slowly; for his horse was old and feeble, like its owner. He was disturbed suddenly by the loud hurrahs from behind, and by a fierce fulisade of snowballs and ice upon the top of his wagon.

In his fright he dropped the lines and his horse began to run away. In the midst of the old man's troubles, there rushed by him, a large party of boys in a sleigh drawn by four white horses.

'Turn out! turn out! old fellow! This road is ours. What will you take for your pony? Going to England?' These were the various cries that met his ears.

'Please don't frighten my horse!' returned the old gentleman.

'Turn out! turn out then! Get out of the way!' was the answer followed by loud cracks and blows from the long whip of the sleighing party, with showers of snowballs, and three tremendous hurrahs from the jolly boys.

The alarm of the old man and his horse was increased, and the horse ran away with him, to the great danger of his life. He managed however, to stop his horse in time to prevent his colliding with a heavily loaded wagon. But fate spared him from harm and so he traveled on his way a little farther when he came to the house of his son where he arrived at a late hour. That son, my boys, is your teacher, and that old man is your teacher's father! This afternoon he is coming to visit you and I hope you may give him a much better reception than you did last evening."

Each student blushed with shame as he thought of his rudeness and about the two ways of telling a story.

Carrie H. McClelland, B. H. S. '14.

B. H. S. Alphabet.

A is for Aaron, our biggest Freshman lad,
When he is not near Laura he is so awful sad.
B is for Blanche who's writing this, 'tis a pity,
If you get tired reading it, just hum a little ditty.
C is for Charlie, so stately and tall,
He has to walk that way so his specks won't fall.
D stands for the two Dales, who seem to aspire,
To set two Sophomore girls' hearts on fire.
E is for Evelyn so prim and sedate,
We havn't decided what will be her fate.
F is for Freeburn that bright Senior lad,
Who won't quit arguing, even though he is mad.
G is for Garnet, a lawyer's own child,
When you speak of "Grubie" she nearly goes wild.
H is for Hazel G. of our own dear class,
Whose very best pal is the looking glass.
I is for "Ikey" so jolly and fat,
He sure is not a relative to old Jack Spratt.
J is for Joe, who always has a smile,
You're right Joe, without them, life would'nt be worth while.
K is for Kimmel, our English teacher,
'Twould take a giraffe's neck to possibly reach her.
L is for Lipe from the old "Sucker" state
And of its glories she loves to relate.
M is for Mary whose last name is Strong,
She might tell all she knows—that wouldn't take long.
N is for Neal, who still seems to feel
Most of the time like a lemon peel.
O is for Orla lately called Tilly,
After the girls he is not yet silly.
P is for Pearl who is always in trouble,
And for why?—'cause she has a double.
Q is for quit which we'll do when through
As any one "short of a duffer" would do.
R is for Ralph, better known as Dutch,
He knows a lot—yes he knows too much.
S is for Swift whose first name is Ed,
Well, he is alright---enough has been said.
T is for "Tomly"---his whiskers so black,
Would make a good scrub-brush---now that is a fact.
U is for "Us" who the teachers think are "It"
The freshies can't quite understand how we have made the hit.
V is for Vandament, teacher of music and art
She tries to teach hair-dressing too---she certainly does her part.
W is for Winnie the "quite bulky" of our class
On the natural bridge in Virginia, two like her could never pass.
X is for Iris, our Xanthippe of old,
Lots of things she does quite well---but best of all is scold.
Y is for You, whoever you may be
I'll bet there's no more like you ever grew on that family tree.
Z is for Zura, who certainly is a hummer,
She has her eyes and whole heart set on a drummer.

BOTANY LABRATORY

CHEMICAL LABRATORY

ALUMNI.

Class of '73

J. S. Otis
O. Z. Hubbell
James Boyles

Class of '79

Christa Carpenter nee Blaker

Class of '80

W. D. Anderson
Irene Fralick nee Campbell

Class of '81

Hattie Aldrich nee Hanes
Eugene Pincheon

Class of '82

J. C. Oberlin
Deta Skinner nee Boland

Class of '83

Ida Hose nee Swartz
May Foreman
Grace Licknor nee Porter

Class of '84

M. F. Campbell

Class of '85

Benj. Hurraw
Eva Lower nee Coffrin
Lillian Goodsite nee Wanamaker
Genevieve Heywood

Class of '87

Dianna Hirschler
Minnie Kehrer
Nettie Metzger
Theo. Madden
Minnie Diehl
Frank Kehrer
Agnes Dailey

Class of '88

J. H. W. Krontz
Naomi Parks nee Baxter
Chas. Lingenfelter (deceased)
Aurilla Duncan nee Baxter
Minnie Miller nee Uhlam
Blanche Felske nee Long
O V. Baxter

Class of '90

H. S. Dills
Harry Cone

Class of '91

H. J. VanDusen (deceased)
Marguerite Boland (deceased)
A. E. Leiter
R. C. Campbell

Class of '92

Grace Eckhart nee Leiter
Frank Kinney
Dessa Harding nee Knisely
Frank Fanning
Alma Shaw nee Kehrer
Herbert Mudd
Frances Brown
Clara Planson nee Prosser
Lenore LaDue nee Long
Lillian McDonald nee Uhlam
Samuel Walters
E. V. Campbell

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Nora I. Brown
Fannie Yates
Byron Peppers

Class of '96

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Zella Phillips nee Zeigler
Bertha Plowe nee Masters
Bessie Hollinger nee Kester
Robert Coe
Lanta Cather nee Kester
Bertha Creager nee Daily
Ella Imhoff
Bessie Powers nee Stewart
Achasa Beechler

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Warren Tinstman
Minnie Knisely nee Showalter

Class of '98

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Myrtle Decker
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Charles Wagner
Glenn Beechler
Roy Maxwell
Laura Wilson
Will Miller
Mary Campbell nee Jones
Gladys Gratz
Samuel Haverstock

Class of '00

Clarence Murch
Olive Coats nee Leiter
Dick Weitz
Lou Cline nee Wise
James Diehl
Orton Tarbox
Glen Bruce (deceased)
Hattie Brown
Earl Lowe
Jay Thompson
Mae Murphy (deceased)
Minnie Dunn
Josie Hawkins

Class of '01

Lulu Keep nee Showalter
Jemima Swantusch nee Troyer

Class of '02

Cleo Boyle
Manton Bryant
Laura DeVinney

Class of '03

Edna Skelton nee Henning
James Thomas
Edgar Worthington

Class of '04

Frank Long
Clyde Murphy
Belle Norford

One a zippy, two a zippy,
Three a zippy, zam!
We're from Butler
And we don't give a
Razzle-dazzle, robble-gobble
Biff, boom, bah!
Butler High School!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

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Come and see how well we can serve you

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Ross Boyle
Goldis Landis
Roy Oberlin
Mary Wyckoff

Class of '06

Muriel Baker
Clara Apt
Raymond Garber
Florence Ginder
Marion Dannells
Mabel Sturgis nee Miller
Guy Firestone

Class of '07

Clela Lewis nee Funk
Rista Nimmons
Fred Tarbox
Boyd Wells
S. Ralph Wells
Mae Platt nee Worthington

Class of '08

Floyd Elliot
Rollo Wiley
Besse Wiley
Cleve Grube
Mildred Kenestrick
Hubert Farnsworth
Millard Stone
Mabel Murch
Grace Lowe
Floyd Tappen
Iva Simons nee Smith

Class of '09

Harold Tess
Ethel Nimmons
John Blaker
Rosalie Wiley
Hilda Whitman
Ollie Miser
Harris Durham
Vern Pifer
Dolly Kenan

Class of '10

Mabel Mutzfeld
Gertrude Evertts
Ethel Tess
Ross Firestone
Robert Brown
Grace Whetsel
Veva Hose nee Farner
May Allwood nee Daily
Jennie Steward
Argyl Beams

Class of '11

Grace Murch
Rhea Holtzberg
Ethel Voigt nee Higley
Hazel Firestone nee Shaw
Roy E. Apt
Coy Pifer
Robert Beams
Helen Garber

We the Senior Class, wish to thank those who have so freely helped us in making this book; to the members of the other classes, who have helped us; to the members of the faculty, who have repeatedly encouraged us, and to the advertisers, we are very grateful.

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NOTHING SERIOUS.

SENIOR CLASS GARDEN.

Ross	Radish (reddish)
Blanche	Spinach
Charles	(red) Beet
Hazel G.	Sweet Potato (parsnips)
Ralph	Cabbage
Zura	Squash
Winnie	Pumpkin
Glenn	Egg Plant
Garnet	Lettuce
Mary	Onion
Pearl	Peppers
Hazel C.	Gourd

SENIOR CLASS BOUQUET.

Zura	Tulips
Pearl	Carnations
Garnet	Spring Beauty
Mary	Forget-me-not
Hazel G.	Black-eyed Susan
Ralph	Dutchman's Breeches
Blanche	Bachelor Buttons
Winnie	Bouncing Betty
Charles	Peony
Ross	Bleeding Heart
Hazel C.	Salt and Pepper
Glenn	Dande-at-lion

"Mr. Cleaver, how do you account for the fact that I found a piece of rubber tire in one of the sausages I bought here last week?"

"My dear madam, that only goes to show that the motor car is replacing the horse everywhere."

"Did Moses sleep five in a bed when he slept with his forefathers."

Laura Wyatt---"I consider, Aaron, that sheep are the stupidest creatures living."

Aaron (absent-mindedly)---"Yes, my lamb."

Sal in History---"He sat on the committee sixteen days and only said two words."

THE KNISELY DRY GOOD COMPANY

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Permit us to also express our grateful appreciation of your past patronage with the hope of its happy continuance.

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Someone has called our store "The Home of Reliable Goods" and we rather like the sound of the phrase.

It demonstrates to us that our efforts in supplying the people of this community with dependable merchandise have not been in vain.

We believe we have made good. Anyway, we stand behind the goods we sell. We'll back them with the guarantee.

A DOLLARS WORTH FOR EVERY DOLLAR OR EVERY DOLLAR BACK.

Ross was disconsolate, said he: "I asked her if I could see her home."

"Why certainly," Zura answered, "I will send you a picture of it."

A specimen of Freshman "Pottery" picked up in the Botanical Lab.

"There was a young man from Butler
His name was D. Higley,
Every time he kissed a girl
He would run in the alley."

If a lassie wants her ballot,
Wants to run the town;
If a lassie gets her ballot
Need a laddie frown.
Many a laddie has his ballot,
Not as bright as I.
Many a laddie votes his ballot,
Overcome with "rye."

SHE'D MAKE A DASH AFTER IT.

"Father," asked eight-year-old Alice, returning home from school, "Are you good at punctuation?"

"Yes," replied her father.

"Well," tell me how you would punctuate, "The wind blew a five dollar bill around the corner."

"Well, daughter, I would simply put a period at the end of the sentence."

"I wouldn't" said Alice mischievously, "I would make a dash after the five dollar bill."

Miss K.---"Do you think Macbeth's character stronger than Lady Macbeth's."

H. G.---"Naw, he had fits."

Notice:---If you see anyone making a monkey of himself tell the Grind Editor. No Fresman examples wanted; they are too common. Of course no Senior examples could be found.

Glenn F.---"That's me."

Miss Lipe (in amazement)---"And you took teachers' examination last week."

Pearl B.---"Nitrous oxide when inhaled has a very sweet taste."

Mr. Coe---"Dea, where do the diagonals of a parallellogram cross each other."

Deb---"At their intersections."

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Miss Lipe---"How did Cleopatra effect History?"
Roscoe C.---"By her beauty."

Howard---"Orla may I borrow a pin."
Orla---"What for?"
Howard---"I got a splinter in my finger."
Orla---"That's what you get for scratching your head."

Mr. Coe (in grammar class)---"As a rule anything fierce is masculine and anything soft is feminine."

FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS.

Zura: "Do my eyes look h-e-a-v-y?"
Ross: "Beat it kid."
Chas.: "Whoa Sal."
D. A. Baker Jr: "Give me some smokin', smokin'."
Pete: "Haven't got a bit, just out."
Helen W.: "You red head!"
Hazel G.: "By Hec." "Glory Ned."
Blanche: "Kraut."
Miss Lipe: "Out in Illinois."
Miss Vandament: "Right quick, now."

WHO THEY ARE.

Best looking boy: Maurice Weber, Aaron Strong.
Best looking girl: Sherley Praul, Zola Osborne.
Sportiest boy: "Pete" Firestone.
Most bashful boy: Geo. Strong.
Best natured girl: Zura Shumaker.
Best natured boy: D. A. Baker, Jr.
Biggest giggler: Wallace Knepper, Blanche Whetsel.
Biggest bluffer: Harold Hewey.
Laziest pupil: Laura Schramm.
Noisiest boy: Leighton Tombow.
Noisiest girl: Iris Smith.
Boys who primp most: Clifford Buehrer, Delbert Bryant.
Biggest flirt: Ermah McConkey, Roscoe Capp.
Most easily fussed: Ralph Sechler, Miss Lipe.
Biggest grind: "Tig" Smurr.
School baby: Helen Kester.
Biggest feet: Millard Capp, Besse Praul.
Biggest ears: Chas. Wiley, D. Baker, Jr.
Longest nose: Hazel Gunsenhouser.
Boy who blushes most: Ross Tomlinson.
School heathen: "Borneo" Davis.

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Brass Goods
Toilet Sets

D. Baker--- "Will there be any Seniors in heaven?"

Bessie P.--- "The only one I wanted is the one I couldn't get."

Miss Vandament--- "My Honey Lou(ie)."

Maurice Weber--- "Everybody is picking on me."

Roscoe Capp--- "Can't you see I'm Lonely."

Pearl Brink---"You can't give your heart to another and hold hands with me."

DO YOU KNOW THEM?

"Tig	Carrie Bell	Pete
Dutch	Bunch	Hinky Dink
Borneo	Tillie	Zu
Zo	Validus	Eve
Signy	Peeny	Ronney
Jinny	Sal	Douse
Ikey	Deb	Jake
Darnit	Hen	Tomly
Peg	Bockey	Happy
Abe	Blondie	Dolly"

Hazel C. (absent mindedly), "Bade looks made and you stare as tho if looks would kill us, we all be dead."

Mr. Coe---"She wants him. Lets change it a little. She wants him to go."
A slight change in form also in meaning.

Zura (confidentially) "He said I was a poem."
Garnet (sarcastically) "Did he scan your feet?"

Miss Kimmel---"Your answer is about as clear as mud."
Glen F.---"Well that covers the ground doesn't it?"

Miss Kimmel---"Have you read all your Latin?"
Robert W.---"No ma'am."
Miss Kimmel---"Have you read the review?"
Robert W.---"No ma'am."
Miss Kimmel---"Well, what have you read?"
Robert W.---"I have red hair."

MONDAY, TUESDAY

And Wednesday are good days to look through our jewelry stock. The other good days are Thursday, Friday and Saturday. . .

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1912 RULES FOR OLD MAIDS

I. Do thy proposing early and often, lest the next year find thee still single.

II. Let thy slogan ever be, "To the church in fifteen minutes."

III. Remember 'tis better to have proposed and been spurned than never to have proposed at all.

IV. If at first you don't succeed, propose, propose again.

V. Let no single male escape, lest he give thee the horse laugh.

VI. Remember to use the big stick when thy coy looks and honeyed words fail thee.

VII. One male safely tied is far better than several waiting at the church.

VIII. Adorn thyself a la Liliian Russell and vacalize according to L. Jean Libby.

IX. Go out into the highways, byways and hedges and bring them all in, choose for thyself and turn the others over to thy less fortunate sister.

X. Take anything that comes along.

1912 RULES FOR BACHELORS

I. Hide thy light under a bushel lest some designing old maid ensnare thee.

II. Carry a cage of trained mice with thee always and when matrimonially inclined females become too insistent let them loose. Selah! They will scatter as feathers before an electric fan.

III. Pose not as a woman hater, lest thou make thyself legitimate prey for the unmarried "Eves."

IV. Boast not of thy powers and strength. Remember Achilles and profit.

V, Write no letters or notes to any female lest they be marked "Exibit A. B. etc." in the breach of promise suits.

VI. Cease not thy viligence neither by day nor by night, lest thou be entrapped unawares. Remember the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

VII. Shun all woman kind as thou would poison and let not thyself be intoxicated by their honeyed words or cooing laughter.

VIII. Look thou not on the face that is fair. At the first it looketh sweet but at the last it stingeth like an adder.

IX. Turn not to rubber at some female lest thou be awakened by the ringing of wedding bells in thy ears.

X. Beware of the grass widow as thou would of a scorpion. Like unto the heathen Chinese her ways are dark and hidden; her war cry ever is, "I'll get you yet."

WINONA COLLEGE

Is in session **48 weeks** of each year. **Strong faculty.** Its **credits accepted** everywhere. Holds to **high standards. Attractive courses** of study. **Location** the most beautiful in the United States. Social and religious influence **the very best. Expenses** the lowest at which good accommodations can be furnished. Regular courses in

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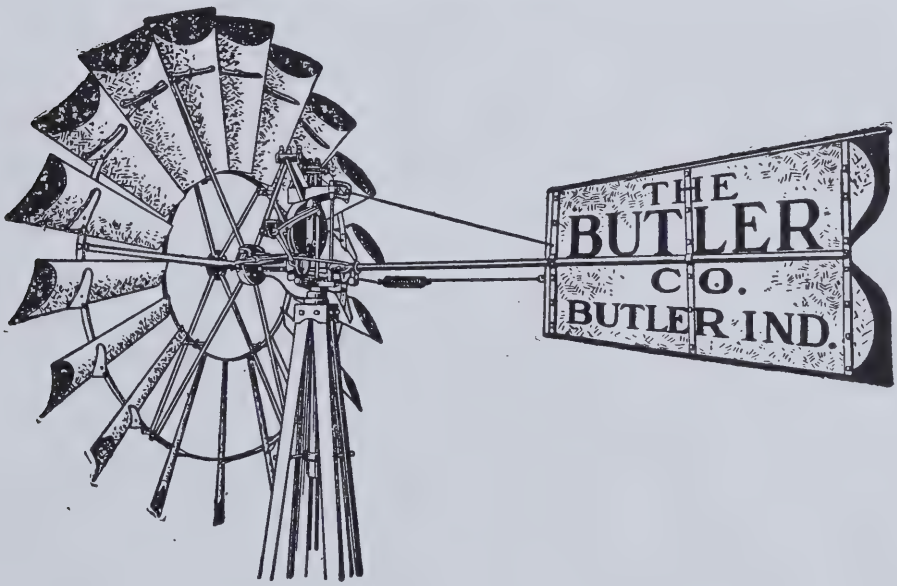
First Summer Term opens April 29, 1912. Regular Summer Term opens June 30, 1912. Fall Term opens September 30, 1912.

WINONA COLLEGE

Johnathan Rigdon, President. Winona Lake, Indiana.



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Mary B.	Winnie S.	High: Miss Vandament
Helen K.	Ermah M.	Steering wheels: H. E. Coe Miss Kimmel

CRANKS	SMOKE AND SMELL	HONK KONK
Neal Shaw	D. A. Baker Jr	Iris Smith
Dale Higley	Howard S.	

BRAKES	HEADLIGHTS	PLUGS	TANKS
Leighton T.	Maurea C.	Orla T.	Bessie O.
Ross T.	Robt. W.	Ray I.	Gail A.

B. H. S. ORCHARD.

Peaches: Robt. Worthington, Delbert Bryant.
Pears: Millard Capp, Besse Praul; Ralph Sechler, Winnie Smurr.
Lemons: Alma Winters, Helen Kester.
Gooseberries: Clyde Ginder, Wayland Mutzfeld.
Quince: Madge Fee.
Prunes: Ruth Smith, Mary Baker.
Dates: Zola Osborne, Hilda Madden.

B. H. S. MENAGERIE.

Monkey: Ralph Sechler, Wayland Mutzfeld.
Elephant. Winnie Smurr, Ruby King.
Giraffe. Orla Thiel, Laura Schramm.
Bears: Mr. Bailey, Neal Shaw.
Porcupine: Gladys Abel, Dale Davis.
Camel: Marie Campbell.
Mule: Zola Osborne, Helen Wagner.
Baboon: Ray Imhoff, Melvin Smurr.
Goat: Glenn Freeburn.

B. H. S. AVIARY.

Magpie: Iris Smith.
Owls: Miss Kimmel, Mr. Coe.
Chickadee: Miss Vandament.
Rooster: D. Baker.
Turtle Doves: Gail Aldrich, Leighton Tombow.
Parrots: Ross Tomlinson, Ruth Chambers.
Jays: Roscoe Capp, Doris Shumaker.

RED LETTER DAYS.

When Blanche didn't giggle.
When Hazel G. didn't cackle.
When Ralph didn't try to act cute.
When Glenn wore a collar.
When Helen didn't slam Butler.
When Chas. didn't talk to the teachers after class.
When Dessie didn't send a card.
When Zura didn't write a letter in class.

IT PAYS TO GET READY

It pays in dollars and cents and it pays in satisfaction. The man or woman who is ready gets the good position—the job seeks him. The one who is not prepared has to hunt the job, and the place he gets is likely an inferior one.

If you have not decided on a vocation, do so now. If you desire some help in deciding, the President of Tri-State College will assist you.

If you HAVE decided, let Tri-State College TRAIN you.

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We want especially to recommend our courses in Public School Music and Drawing. We could place many more graduates in good positions. We can't fill the demand for teachers of music and drawing.

Piano, Voice and Elocution for those who want this kind of instruction, and we can commend the quality of this work. Let the President send you detailed information.

Mid Spring Term opens April 30, 1912. Summer Term opens June 4, 1912.
Next School Year opens October 1, 1912.

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B. H. S. POPULARODY.

Hazel G.---"I wish someone would fall in love with me."
Leighton---"When a pal of mine steals a gal of mine."
Zura---"Ever loving spoony Sam."
Garnet---"I've got you [Steve] (Cleve.)"
Ross---"Girls, girls, girls."
Chas.---"I'd love to live in Loveland with a girl like you."
Blanche---"Tickled to Death."
Ralph---"O, you Blondie."
Mildred---"We won't go home until morning."
Evelyn---"Good night, dear."
Doris---"Not because your hair is curly."

Blanche---"When I get 95% in deportment I'm going to commit suicide."

Hazel---"Why?"

Blanche---"Just because there won't be anybody good enough for me to associate with in this 'ere school."

Chas. (seeing Ray and Mildred with their arms around each other) "Just look at that."

Ross (looking at them) "What are they doing?"

Winnie to Miss Lipe "Say, Miss Lipe did you ever notice Dutch's eyes?"

Miss Lipe---"Well no."

Winnie---"Well you just look at them. They are just beautiful! They're so dreamy."

Ray coming to the desk, "Ye aint got any book layin around here with poetry in it have ye?"

Teacher---"Well Ray I don't know, maybe so'"picks up a Rhetoric.

Ray---"Well we're to have ten examples of "smiles" in English, (meaning of course similes.)

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—TOMLY.

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"Questions"

Oh! who is that monster with bristles so shaggy?
Why they sprout on Lesly, Zola says they are jaggy.

Oh! What is that shadow that flits through the hall?
It must be our wee, tiny Winnie so small.

Oh! what makes that awful ear splitting din?
M. Capp wants his Bessie for her he doth sing.

Oh! whose is that sweet, coaxing voice which I hear?
'Tis Gail calling Leighton, "please do come back dear."

Oh! who is that girl who treats Butler as dust?
Why that is Miss Wag with her Rochester gush,

Oh! who is that sounding our deportment knell?
Why that is Miss Lipe she can just go to —well.

Oh! what is that crying "Naught is but what hain't?"
'Tis a Miss Kimmel freckle 'neath six coats of paint.

Oh! who is that tramping upon his girl's toe?
'Tis "Dutch" with H. C. as a strolling they go.

Oh! who makes those footsteps as light as a fairies?
They're made by "Tig" Smurr; he's soft as squshed berries.

Oh! who is the lass with the angular trend?
It is our Miss Tomly, she grows at both ends.

From whence comes that stream which perpetually flows?
If you mean stream of words from Blanche Whet goodness knows

Oh! who is that actng as if she were daft?
Why that is Miss Iris a trying to laugh.

Oh! what is Miss Zura a gushing forth so?
"I've a sixteen page note from my dear honey beau."

Oh! who is that saying, "this chair's made for two?"
'Tis Laura to Aaron with a spoon just for two.

Who caused that grand opening fit for a base drum?
Why 'tis made by Delbert a chewing his gum.

From whence comes that cackle again and again?
It must be from Sal or perhaps it's from Hen.

Oh! who is that making poor Miss "Thena yell?"
'Tis Eve with her hat that has caused "Thena's" spell.

Oh! who is that falling and tearing his pants?
Why that is our Tomly a trying to dance.

Oh! why did our "Darnit" leave Tomly to grieve?
She's another beau and to him she doth "Cleave," (Cleve.)

Oh! why does Miss Pearl cause the men so to fret?
She shall have her rights she's our strong suffragette.

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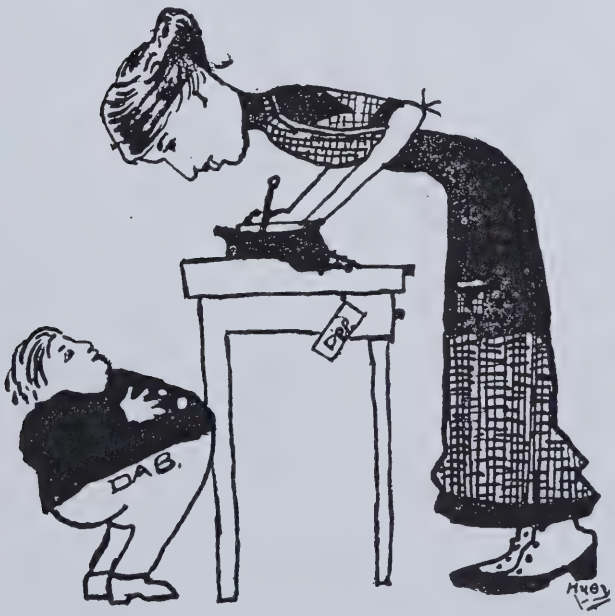

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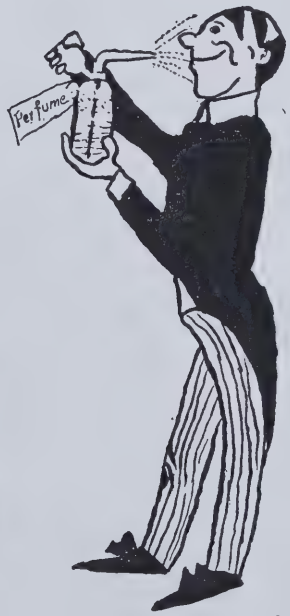

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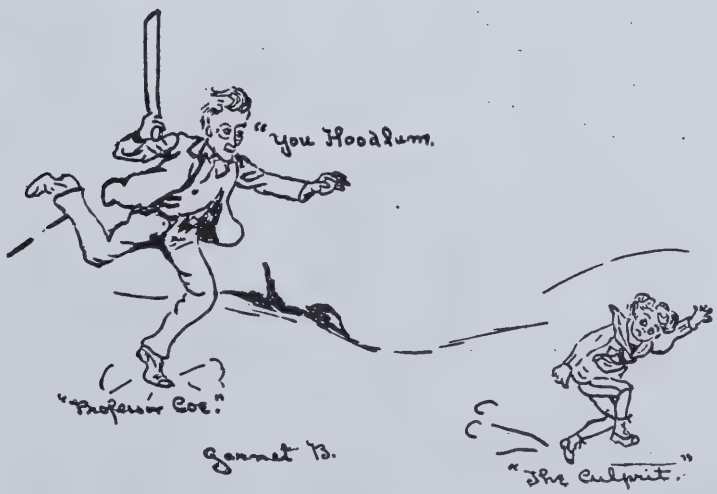

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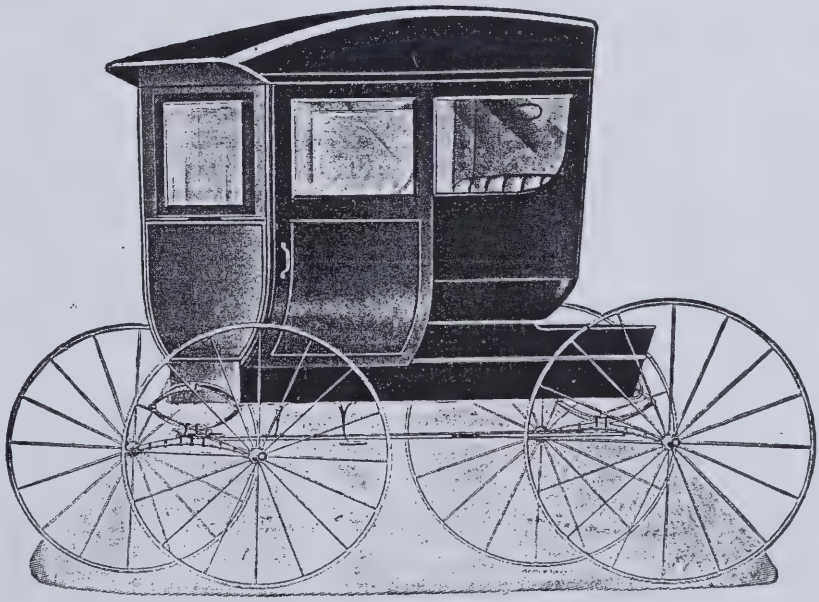

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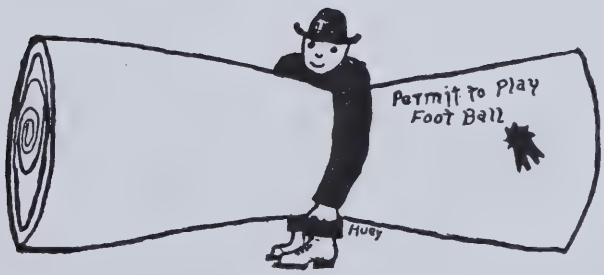

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